

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

SEPTEMBER 2, 1939

WHO'S WHO

JOHN LAFARGE, associate editor, was the least-surprised member of our staff when the startling announcement was made that the Soviet closed-fist and the Nazi outstretched-palm were united, first in a trade agreement and then in a non-aggression compact. In Europe last summer, he became convinced that the Soviets and the Nazis were drawing slowly toward a common point. Since then, he watched the indications of the converging streams. And now, he offers his observations on the whys, wherefores and whithers. The insignia of the doublecross that has now become appropriate for the union will require his expert attention in future articles. . . . JOHN P. DELANEY returned from Europe a short time ago with his brief-case filled with references to the peace efforts of Pius XI and Pius XII, and with his mind stocked with observations on peace and the Popes and the Premiers and the Dictators. . . . JOHN WILTBYE, our genial yet sharp friend, has again returned to our pages after a little absence. He has been touring about the country, in a one man sort of Gallup poll. . . . RICHARD MULCAHY admits that he is still studying economics, though he has already studied it (economics) intensively and practised it for twelve years. . . . J. G. E. HOPKINS, instructor in English Literature, Notre Dame College, Staten Island, N. Y., writes prose as well as poetry, and rather monopolizes the *Literature and Arts* department this week, to the delight, we trust, of our readers. . . . PATRICK MARY PLUNKETT, of Canada, belongs to the Plunketts, of Irish fame. According to the family tradition, every son bears the name of Mary.

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COMMENT

QUERIES Earl Browder, commenting upon the Berlin-Moscow love-feast: "Why all this excitement?" We can agree with Mr. Browder over the excitement, since some of us, not of his disciples, have been foreseeing this business for lang syne. As for all the "reasons why," concern over these is difficult, since the point is not the reason why, but is precisely the thing that has happened. Only, we ask, if Mr. Browder and his associates knew all about this, why did they not let the public in earlier upon the secret? If we get the bearing of the intricate Communist explanations, the "contribution to peace" is that Stalin by this agreement succeeds in slipping the Nazis into the sack, and has lent point to the operation by literally imitating what the Communists furiously condemned as a stupid and unpeaceful act on the part of Premier Chamberlain. The puzzle about this explanation, however, is that the Nazis are equally jubilant over having put Stalin in the sack. Rejoicing with the Nazis in gloating tones are their Axis associates. The real peace seems to be that each party to the game is enormously proud of having beaten the other. At the same time they have joined hands in dynamiting any theory of their essential incompatibility. In view thereof, we can only extend greetings to Mr. Browder and say of his explanation: "Thank you, Father! Peace, it's wonderful."

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WITH all our alphabetical organizations and appropriations under the New Deal, there has never been a suggestion made for a relief agency to meet our declining birth rate and the gradual extinction of the American home. Yet some such is badly needed. It is a small thing to save the farm and the house or factory if the farmer, worker and the home are doomed to extinction. The publication of the *Code de Famille* in France came as a climax to a great campaign entered upon, irrespective of party or religion, since the appearance last Spring of the latest population statistics. The French Cardinals appealed to the nation to restore the essential principles of the sanctity of motherhood and family life; facts were not denied by politicians. M. Landry started the needed legislation for the comprehensive measure now passed into law. These are the most important decrees provided by the Government for the rehabilitation of France. The main feature is to divert money from the wealthy childless into the homes of large families, especially of those on the farms. The unmarried and divorced, widowers and widows without children are to be heavily taxed and those married two years without children are penalized, while a bonus ranging from two to three thousand francs is to be paid for births within two years of marriage. Every family with two or more children will receive a State family

allowance up to the end of school time, the allowance being increased for those already receiving such help. Death duties graded according to the number of children in a family are reduced to encourage larger families. Loans ranging between 5,000 and 20,000 francs are to be made to young families starting on the land, and sons who have remained on the land with the father are given on the father's death a bonus amounting to three-eighths of the salary they might have earned as paid workers during that time. Laudable, confirmatory legislation on abortion, pornography, alcoholism and such poisons of the national life complete the code. Who, with a Christian viewpoint and a desire of national salvation, will not commend the *Code de Famille*?

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WHEN the matter of censorship of books is raised, authors immediately begin to become frightened, and rightfully so. There is no way of knowing what reasons will induce censorship committees to organize themselves or what standards of squeamishness or personal bias they are going to employ in keeping out of the hands of others books which they may have enjoyed themselves. One of the subtle unreliabilities of human nature is that it is so often prone to think that what would not be harmful to one's self would, of course, be very harmful to one's neighbor. It is a fault we have of being often too sure of our own moral integrity and too suspicious of the moral integrity of those about us. Censorship as such, therefore, is not an unmixed good, unless it can offer, as the Church can offer, celestial credentials for the safeguarding of the morals and Faith of its children. As regards obscene books the situation will be bound to solve itself without the aid of a censorship board if the reactions to John Steinbeck's latest novel, *Grapes of Wrath*, can be taken as a criterion of how public sentiment can be outraged. The Associated Farmers of Kern County, Calif., a rather hard-boiled lot, we fancy, are organizing to outlaw Steinbeck's book as not only a "smear" on the good name of Kern, Calif., but on the good name of agriculture in general. And Westbrook Pegler, who has certainly been around and heard things in the course of his checkered newspaper career, says of *Grapes of Wrath*: "This book contains the dirtiest language that I have ever seen on paper." When hard-boiled literature becomes too hard-boiled even for the hard-boiled, then it is probably time for censorship committees to indulge in a well earned vacation. Incidentally, there is a lesson to be learned from these unexpected outbreaks which Catholics cannot afford to ignore, since it squares so completely with our explanation of man. Human nature is refined, even under the layers of actual and original sin.

REFRESHING amid the analysis and face-saving of the news commentators was the appeal of Heywood Broun in his daily column calling on all peoples to heed the Holy Father's appeal for "peace in our time." Nor was it all a play on the emotions. Some of his sentences well deserve quotation for their sound sense and reason. Thus, in answer to the much abused national-honor motive, Mr. Broun asks: "Do the dead and the maimed and mutilated ever stand as witnesses to the dignity of the world in which we live? War is a betrayal of all the aspirations and ideals of humankind. It is a kind of cooperative treachery against the divinity of the human race." The differences in languages, customs and national ideals may seem very great, but, as the writer says, these things should pale into insignificance before the fact that heart, lungs, life-blood and especially soul are structurally and fundamentally the same no matter what lines are drawn upon a map. Most of our appeals for peace in a war-torn world are sicklied over with the pale cast of a de-Christianized philosophy. Reason and emotion are weak sisters beside hatred and passion. Thus in the midst of a mad wave of extreme nationalism the lofty truth of such an inspiring expression as this is lost: "There is no patriotism which should animate us to the same extent as our loyalty to all humanity." Mr. Broun fortunately recognizes today that human brotherhood is an empty slogan unless cemented with the blood shed on Calvary by our Elder Brother for man's redemption and reconstruction. "If we fail we will share the guilt of opening the wounds of One Who died to save us. This will be again a crucifixion. We cannot wash our hands or our hearts."

FIFTY years ago, on August 24, John J. Wynne, a tall, spare, intelligent-looking young Jesuit student was ordained to the priesthood. His inclinations were toward literature and he was assigned to editorial work on the *Messenger*. Some fifteen years after his ordination, he conceived the stupendous idea of creating the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, and achieved that aim in fifteen volumes that have become classic. Twenty years after he became a priest, he saw the need for an advanced, progressive Catholic weekly and founded AMERICA. We who conduct AMERICA in this its thirtieth anniversary year offer our homage and our congratulations to Father Wynne on the Golden Anniversary of his priesthood.

AMERICAN comrade to his secretary: Take a letter. Dear Papa Stalin: We American comrades are most terribly annoyed with you. Here we are telling the simple American people what a great, big, bold champion of democracy you are. We have been lambasting Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy until we have convinced a goodly number of even respectable people that the only salvation for the liberty of the world is a holy crusade of the "big democracies," our Russia, France, Great Britain and this country here, against Nazism and Fascism.

The whole thing fizzled last September because Chamberlain and Co. went in for appeasement. You cut a rather sorry figure then, too, but we were able to explain it away on the ground that you were so irritated at the spinelessness of England and France in the face of Nazi threats that you just would not have anything to do with the bounders. Now we had just about succeeded in getting the people all het up again, when you bounce up with this non-aggression pact with Germany! That puts us in a pretty hole. Of course we know that you would like a slice or two of Poland. And without your promise of non-aggression Germany might have thought twice about forcing a war just now, and a grand war with yourself sitting on the sidelines would be a wonderful thing for us. But you could have done this whole thing secretly. Now we shall have a fine time getting America into a war. Do you know, even as it is, many people over here are beginning to suspect that Communism and Nazism are just about one and the same thing? They say that you have the same interest in democracy that a cat has in a canary. And the most horrible thing has happened! People are actually beginning to laugh at us—and at you too, Father Stalin. Please wire propaganda instructions immediately.

LABORATORIES, where theory is put to the test, are indispensable adjuncts of education, whether the problem be the measuring of optical refraction, the observation of an amoeba, or the writing of a poem. The theory of religion is taught in our schools and colleges. Why not, then, a laboratory for this most important of subjects? Daniel A. Lord, S.J., answered this need by starting the Sodality Summer School of Catholic Action. Now in its ninth season, the Sodality laboratory of spiritual leadership has over 5,000 students on its roster. The staff, including experts in theology, liturgy, literature and youth guidance, rotates about the country, putting the same program before regional groups. The Socratic method is used and the directors ask more questions than they answer. The conclusions of the students form a sort of Gallup Poll which furnishes material for the semester outlines of Sodality activities distributed to schools to plan their spiritual projects for the year. Emphasis is laid on the fact that no school Sodality is a success unless it trains the student for the Catholic life of his parish. Six days of intensive Catholic life strike a spark in the soul of each individual at the Sodality school and, because a cause is not an abstraction, it is by the generation of enthusiasm in individuals, be they Communists, Nazis or Catholics, that worlds are set on fire. Not the least consoling element in Father Lord's success is the value of his course to priests. At least a hundred are attending each of the five regional schools. Father Lord has his finger on the pulse of American youth and is able to teach priests the power of motivation as the basis of action. In the Sodality youth is not told what to do so much as why to do it. And youth likes it.

IT'S "HEIL, TOVARYSH!" AS NAZIS EMBRACE THE REDS

Non-aggression pact climaxes their past developments

JOHN LaFARGE

ANNOUNCEMENT of a pact of non-aggression between the Nazi and the Soviet Governments is so startlingly contrary to the accepted picture of political alignments in Europe that a flood of speculations results. The news deals a blow to hopes cherished by advocates of a Franco-British alliance with Russia as a protection against German aggression. Conservative opponents of such an alliance need also to recover from their bewilderment.

The whole affair, however, is not so novel as at first sight appears. The present writer looks upon it merely as a logical conclusion of a series of events and policies which have developed in Germany and Soviet Russia for a long time past, and expressed this opinion writing in *AMERICA* on November 5, 1938:

A still more serious consequence [than the Ukraine problem] may result from the indifference of the democratic nations to the fate of the Russian people. . . . That Nazism, in its victorious eastward march, may salvage for its own purposes the irreligious tyranny of Communism while ostentatiously sweeping aside its purely political aspects—in short, that brown and red Bolshevism may come to terms more easily and more readily than we dared to suspect—is by no means an unlikely supposition. Signs thereof have already appeared.

A similar opinion was expressed a month later in the *Saturday Evening Post* by Demaree Bess.

Russia's coolness to the democratic Powers and determination to seek solely its own interests appeared last summer when the Soviet Government bluntly replied in the negative to the French query whether Russia would come to the aid of beleaguered Czecho-Slovakia. This marked definitely the end of the whole period in which the Soviet regime hoped to establish its position as an active agent in the Western world through membership in the League of Nations, Litvinov's chosen tool.

The early Soviet attitude to the League was that drafted by Lenin and adopted by the Communist party in 1919: "The slogans of pacifism, international disarmament under capitalism, courts of arbitration, etc., are not only reactionary utopias, but downright deceptions of the toilers designed to disarm the proletariat and distract it from the task of disarming the exploiters."

In the days when Soviet Russia's foreign policy

was guided by Chicherin and not by Litvinov, there were not wanting extreme Nationalists among the Germans who, despite all their hatred for the Communists, favored some sort of a rapprochement with Bolshevik Russia on the basis of a common opposition to the League and the Allied political implication which it represented. With the advent of Nazism and Fascism, both frankly anti-capitalistic, both ready to subscribe practically to Lenin's formula as above expressed, this basis of rapprochement has become vastly broadened.

The very issue—Poland—that has called forth here and now this non-aggression pact is itself a link between Russia's newest policy and the earlier relations with Germany. As the Poles know full well, they have had little to choose in the past between Prussian and Russian hatred of their independence.

When capitalism still reigned in Italy and Germany, Trotsky's declaration could still hold good, that the fundamental line of the international policy of the Soviets rested on the theory that any bargains concluded with the capitalist countries were mere Machiavellian bargains, which in no wise implied any sympathy between the two types of government. But since the Fascist and Nazi revolutions, the innate sympathy between these systems and Communism has been sufficient to sweep aside all obstacles to economic and, to a certain extent, political cooperation.

Italy, as recently pointed out by the Fascist spokesman, Virginio Gayda, was one of the first nations to recognize the Soviet regime on February 7, 1924, and concluded on September 2, 1933, a pact of friendship, neutrality and non-aggression with Russia. On February 7 of this year, the two countries signed an important commercial agreement.

Since last summer, Soviet Russia has found a striking opportunity to manifest its jealous spirit by its refusal to admit refugees.

The French Government's anxious problem of finding a place to dispose of 500,000 Red refugees from Nationalist Spain would easily have been solved by shipping them to Soviet Russia. Russia during the Spanish conflict had already taken a quota of Basque children. But once the Spanish adventure had failed, the Red fighters and their

associates were of no more propaganda service to Russia. So doors shut to the Reds from Spain.

A blanket of silence accompanied from the beginning Russia's flat refusal to open its gates to Jewish refugees from Nazi Germany. Silence enveloped the total collapse of Biro Bidjan, much advertised Jewish homeland in eastern Siberia; but that silence is noise compared to the general reluctance to comment upon Soviet Russia's exclusion of Jewish refugees. Yet of all its proud boasts, none is louder than Soviet Russia's claim to be totally devoid of racial or anti-Semitic prejudice.

Those, therefore, who have been following such developments have been quietly forming the conclusion that Nazis and Bolsheviks see eye to eye in many things other than exclusion of the Jews.

In the economic field, Nazis and Soviets have never had difficulty in bringing their vision to a common focus, any more than did Fascist Italy, which built a warship for Russia and has from the beginning of the present regime maintained prosperous trade relations with the Soviets. Even during the Ethiopian War, when M. Litvinov was storming at Geneva about imperialist invasions and demanding sanctions to be applied, the Soviets were selling oil to the Fascists to run Italian tanks and bombing planes. None of these governments has found any difficulty in cooperating smoothly upon an economic plane. Such cooperation is rendered particularly easy by the fact that the dictatorships are organized upon an extremely simplified basis, in which the economic resources of the nation are applied directly and primarily to the immediate purposes of the government.

During the past twelve months, a more and more attractive picture of economic relations has been outlining itself between the Nazis and the Soviets. We say economic, because in point of fact it is impossible to disengage, in their respective instances, the purely economic from the military interests. Again, history repeats itself: as in Tsarist days, German officers and technicians put order and efficiency into the amorphous Russian army. There is no change today from the give-and-take that has always governed the relations of the Germanic and the Slavic lands. Russia has vast resources, chiefly agricultural, but to no mean extent metallic, much-needed manganese, oil, etc. Germany has the industrial and technical equipment. With all her industry, Germany needs food; with the breakdown of frantic attempts to create a rival industry, German machinery and the men to make and manage it come as a lifesaver to Russia.

Most of the world has been running on the assumption that this economic cooperation—whose existence has been uneasily recognized—was a sort of closed sphere. In the field of politics or ideology, there could be only irreconcilable opposition between the two types of government. But this shallow judgment overlooks the virtual union between economics and politics that exists not only among the Bolsheviks but among their supposedly bitter enemies as well. When a national regime is built upon physical force, when it substitutes power and pressure for true authority, steel, cotton and rub-

ber are quite as significant for it as any ideological differences. Certainly, no one thought it strange when, back in October, 1928, the Reichstag Socialist deputy Kuentler charged the Reichswehr with having formed a secret alliance in 1922 with the Soviets for supplying to the latter arms from the Junkers munitions factory at Dessau. Why not?

With all this, a hopeless difference is supposed to exist between Nazism and Communism on the subject of the middle class. Nazism, like Fascism, came historically into being on the basis of an appeal to the middle classes to save the nation from Communism. Men like Bruening and Don Sturzo vigorously deny that such an appeal was justified, and claim that Communism was being dealt with satisfactorily in ways quite different from the strong-armed methods of the dictators; methods, they claim, which in the long run would prove far more effective than the present supposed total victories. However, the appeal was made to the middle classes, who threw their force into the new movements, only to be liquidated in turn.

Bitter middle-class experience has brought to light that their continued existence as an organic part of society is little more secure under Nazism than under Communism—which, under the Stalin regime, has been busy forming its own bourgeoisie or financially and administratively privileged groups. National Socialism is Socialism, with all that implies. Shortly after the Nazis came to power they suppressed the militant League of the Middle Class, which consisted chiefly of small shopkeepers, and the process of expropriation through state capitalism has steadily gone on. Fascist extremists are now boasting of the kinship of spirit between the two great "proletarian revolutions." In view of the cynical "realism" in which all parties, direct and indirect, to this Berlin-Moscow agreement now frankly glory, the "anti-Communist" and the "anti-Comintern" front seem to have about as little reality as the absurd claim of a Soviet "democracy."

Of late, denunciations of Bolshevism in Nazi Germany have given place very largely to attacks on democracy and the "democratic" Powers, paralleling the change in the Soviet press from jeremiads over Italy and Germany to denunciations of Chamberlain and Daladier. The most basic sign of all, however, as I observed last November, "is the evident fact that Nazism does not oppose Bolshevism on religious grounds." Priests and laymen in Germany who fought Communism as anti-religious were subjected to persecution and imprisonment the same as any others. Communism explicitly attacks God. Nazism destroys the idea of God by identifying Him with the German people while directly assailing Christ and His Church. We have no means for measuring hatred as compared with hatred; enough to say that these are simply two forms of irreconcilable warfare upon religion. The separation and apparent opposition of the two forces has given the world some precarious security. But their gestures of amity imply "a menace a hundredfold worse than anything the world has yet experienced: *the ultimate union of the two greatest anti-Christian forces of the world.*"

POPE BASES PEACE ON PRINCIPLES AND PRAYER

His is not a voice crying in the wilderness

JOHN P. DELANEY

"PIUS is a name of peace," said Achille Ratti when he assumed the name of Pius XI. The Popes who have been Pius in recent history have been, all of them, men of peace, but the irony of their fate has cast them into a world, war-tossed or war-threatened.

Pius IX saw his own Rome invaded, and he lived out his days, the first prisoner of the Vatican, attacked, slandered, misunderstood. Today he rests, not in the crypt of St. Peter's, but by his own request in the church of St. Lawrence-Without-the-Walls, for he wished to await eternity among his beloved poor of Rome. No memorial in the world is more touching than the few lines he ordered inscribed on his tomb: "Here rest the bones and ashes of Pius IX, Pope. Pray for him." Pius X, saintly, gentle soul, died offering his life to God for the peace of his children as the world plunged gaily into war. Pius XI adopted as the motto of his pontificate, "the Peace of Christ in the Reign of Christ," yet twice during his last, sad year he offered his life to God for the peace of nations; and dying left the world armed to the teeth, nations eyeing each other with hatred, war clouds tossing, the lightning poised to strike.

Into this scene stepped a man whose very name, some authorities tell us, spells peace—Pacelli, *pax caeli*, the peace of heaven. His coat of arms bears the motto, *Opus Justitiae Pax*, the Work of Justice is Peace. His first address to the world was a stirring appeal for peace, and the deepest desire of his heart he expressed to Cardinal Gerlier, shortly after his election: "Oh, how I would wish to be in reality the Pope of Peace!"

Already in the few brief months of his pontificate Pius XII has thrown into the struggle for peace all the forces at his command, personal influence and the influence of his office, private appeal through diplomatic channels, public appeal to nations and their rulers, truth, ideas and ideals, and the concentrated prayers of 300,000,000 Catholics. "We ourselves from the very first day of Our pontificate have attempted, as far as lies in Our power, to ward off the danger of war and to cooperate in the consolidation of a solid peace founded on justice which would safeguard the liberty and honor of peoples. We have . . . even laid aside other tasks and

other preoccupations which weighed upon Our mind." (*Address to Pilgrims, August 19*)

He knows well the fate of peacemakers. He is no visionary, yet he is no coward. Even though he remembers the fate of Benedict XV, whose impartial efforts for peace the world is only now beginning to appreciate, he states his convictions boldly: "It would not be in harmony with the duties of our sacred office to allow external impediments or the fear of false interpretations or of misunderstanding of our intentions and plans to prevent us from exercising that healing office of peace which is the prerogative of the Church." (*Address to Cardinals, June 2*)

As was to be expected, his efforts have already drawn the fire of those who are glad enough to use Papal pronouncements to bludgeon their foes but who are incapable of appreciating impartial principles of justice. In answer to such attacks the Holy Father said: "This office, while it avoids touching on particular interests or mingling unasked in territorial disputes between states or entering into the intricate problems deriving from them, cannot refuse in times of gravest peril for peace to send forth a maternal warning and offer its maternal help so as to prevent the threat of the use of force with its incalculable material, spiritual and moral consequences." (*Ibidem*)

The seeming hopelessness of the task he knows, too. "Today, as never before, are verified those words which the prophet Jeremias put into the mouths of men: 'Peace, peace and there was no peace.' " And why? Because men are seeking peace without first laying the foundations of peace. They are seeking peace without God, peace without justice, without regard for authority, without fidelity to the plighted word, without social justice, without charity, without broad-minded tolerance and a willingness to weigh the needs, the opinions of others. The reasons of the constant fear and threat of war are to be found not only in the international field but in the individual nations, not only in concrete circumstances, but in the psychology, the mind, the will of man.

There can be no peace without God: "True peace depends on one solid foundation, the Eternal Godhead, which must by right be recognized, served

and worshiped, whose Commandments must be obeyed by all. To belittle the obedience due to the Divine Creator or entirely to extinguish it is equivalent to upsetting or destroying entirely the tranquillity of the individual, of the home, of the nation, of the entire human race." (*Easter Homily*)

There can be no peace without justice, without social justice. And it is significant that in his Easter address the Holy Father gives first place to the cause of world unrest to which he most frequently has alluded—a lack of social justice in nations and between nations. "How are we to have peace if so many men, so many hundreds of thousands of men, remain without that opportunity of employment by which a citizen not only earns his sustenance in an honest manner but also develops in a manner otherwise impossible the forces and faculties with which nature, study and art have adorned the human person? . . . The countless multitudes of men because of their miserable condition (in sharp contrast to the comfort of those who live in luxury and neglect the poor) fall easy victims to those agitators who . . . entice them with corrupt doctrine." And again: "Justice demands that the sacred rights of human freedom and dignity be respected and upheld by all men, that the bountiful riches and wealth with which God has embellished the entire earth be suitably and rightly distributed for the use of *all* His children" (*italics inserted*). (*Easter Homily*)

There can be no peace without justice, without an understanding of the true bases of the relationship between nations, as long as the world is uncertain "whether to hand over its actions and decisions to trial by sword or to the noble jurisdiction of justice, to reason or to force." "How can we have peace while nations lack mutual esteem and harmony . . . while treaties solemnly made and the pledged word are at times robbed of that force and reliability by which alone mutual confidence can be maintained and fostered?" "If armed force is to usurp the place of justice, can we wonder at the dawning of an era . . . gloomy and foreboding with the thunder of bloody war?" (*Address to Cardinals, June 2; Easter Homily*)

There can be no peace without charity. "But justice in itself is not sufficient to triumph over the obstacles and difficulties which again and again upset the tranquillity that should prevail. . . . When charity does not temper a justice too rigid and severe, our mental vision is too easily blinded to the rights of others and our ears grow deaf to the call of equity which, if willingly and wisely entertained, could find a reasonable and orderly solution even to the most bitter and thorny questions under dispute." (*Easter Homily*)

Over and over again the Pope has pleaded for peace founded on justice and charity, peace founded on justice and mutual understanding, peace found on social justice and self-discipline.

There is nothing, absolutely nothing, political in these teachings of the Holy Father. They are merely the commonly accepted principles of fair dealing and peaceful relations with our neighbors applied on a larger scale. The give and take of ordinary life applied to national and international life.

The principles that led men from the barbarous practice of settling every private dispute with blade or bludgeon to the civilized manner of settling dispute by talk or compromise or reference to competent authority. Let nations without exception apply these principles and "instead of angry and irritating friction, calm and measured deliberation will prevail, friendly collaboration will replace immoderate and uncurbed contention, animosity will give way to mutual and just appreciation of our mutual problems, and thus concord, confident and serene, will dispel fear and anxiety from the hearts of men." (*Easter Address*)

There is nothing partisan in the Pope's pleas, rather an impartial appeal to all nations to "return to the ways of cooperation, where the interests and necessities of everyone will be considered in justice and charity, where no one will shrink from the sacrifice of private interest for the greater good of the entire human family, where, finally, fidelity to public pledges will serve as a beacon light to all right-thinking men." (*Easter Address*). He does not ask of one nation what he will not ask of all. When he speaks of the necessity of restraint and sacrifice in the interests of peace, he himself is the first to put his preaching into practice. He has made concessions and he is willing to make concessions for the cause of peace. "We have imposed prudent reserve on Ourselves in order not to make more difficult or impossible in any way the work of peace, conscious of all that We owed and owe in this field to the aims of the Catholic Church and of all humanity." (*Address to Pilgrims, August 19*)

For all this, however, Pius XII is no professional pacifist. He does not believe in peace at any price. He knows that there are some things so precious that men would not be worthy of the name who would not defend them, if need be, even at the cost of war. He asks of the nations and he prays of God a peace "founded on justice that would safeguard the liberty and honor of peoples." (*Ibidem*)

Peace, finally, in the mind of Pius XII, is a personal concern of every individual in the world. It is as much an attitude of the mind as it is a condition of affairs. "External peace is but the effulgence of interior peace." There must be a *will for peace*. Moreover, there must be a confidence in the power of prayer for peace. Catholics above all must not be fatalists, must not be pessimists. They must share his sublime confidence that God will enlighten the mind and guide the wills of men, so that "in the hour of decision rulers will turn away from taking such a serious responsibility as making an appeal to armed force." (*Address to Pilgrims, August 19*)

"May He, to whom is given all power in heaven and on earth, deign to still the waters of the troubled and agitated world, and raise in it the breath of a new spirit among men and among nations. May He inspire in the hearts of governments and of peoples a response to our invitations for peace and give to the actions and decisions of responsible powers that concrete determination for peace which is so much desired and prayed for by all men of good will." (*Address to Cardinals, June 2*)

RUM, RED INK AND EMERGENCY RABBITS

Some obstacles on the difficult road to recovery

JOHN WILTBYE

BASKING last month in the balmy breezes of Hollywood and its environs, my mind would now and then wander back to the United States, and I would wonder what was happening there. Hollywood is a region ideally fitted for basking and also for reflecting. In Hollywood you feel that you are isolated; you are on an isle which only the hardy can reach and from which only the hardy can summon courage to sail away. As you abide in its spell, you bask; and (assuming that the fortunes of R. Taylor, C. Lombard and S. Henie are less than the dust to you) you reflect; and reach for your furs when the sun drops behind the bleak hills.

For I am always interested in what is going on in the United States, and when I had set my face to the West, much was going on, and had been for a decade. Take the last ten years, and you find that almost every year since 1929 has been so full of happenings that we can hardly enumerate them, even with the aid of an intelligent press-clipping service. Understanding them is almost out of the question. Not long ago I was much consoled when that veteran commentator, Walter Lippmann, confessed that the whirl of events made him dizzy and confused.

It seems to me that most Americans have been in this daze for years. If we hardly know what is actually happening, how can we come to a reasoned opinion on what it means to the country for weal or woe? It was a relief to be in Hollywood, outside the whirl, and yet not a relief, for a mind accustomed to observing whirls felt that beyond this zone of quiet, there were whirls more confusing than any yet observed. Are we hereafter to have government in every department of human endeavor, made according to the whirling, shifting pattern which the Federal Government sets us?

One day I watched a deer emerge from the thicket in a glen not a mile away, as the crow flies, from Sid Grauman's on Hollywood Boulevard, and I thought of Prohibition. (Naturally enough, Prohibition is suggested when you look up from your musing to see a deer pause on the paved road, as though waiting for the green flash and the signal to go.) Just ten years ago Prohibition began to wane, not as an effective instrument for temperance, which it never was, but as a Federal policy,

and four years later nation-wide prohibition was at an end. At the same time, the great economic depression began, and Mr. Roosevelt, elected on a pledge of retrenchment and economy, began to spend.

Some had thought that the revenue from the legalized production and sale of alcoholic liquors would take from the tax-payer most of his burdens. Perhaps in ordinary times that might have been the result. But we were fated to go down into the deepest trough of economic distress that the world had ever seen, and the deeper we went, the higher was the amount of money we were obliged to turn over to the Government.

Rum failed us. A few weeks ago, Senator Vandenberg, of Michigan, said in a public address that the American people were paying the Federal Government \$8,000 per minute. That is costly government by any standard. But it is bound to grow still costlier, for the Government is spending \$15,000 per minute.

Perhaps you say: "Well, suppose the Government does spend \$15,000 per minute. What of it? This is a rich country."

But it will not remain rich long. Any man who earns a thousand dollars a year and spends two thousand is bound to end in the poor house, if he keeps on spending long enough. In this respect any government and John Smith are on the same footing. John Smith cannot levy a tax on the public and so lacks that source of income; but the spendthrift government soon finds itself involved in the law of diminishing returns. The higher the tax rises above a certain level, fixed by the country's ability to pay, the lower is the return. Confidence in that phrase, "This is a rich country," means financial ruin.

Most people who use it are laboring under a delusion. They think that only the rich pay taxes, or at least, that taxes can be levied on the wealthy in a measure that will let the poor escape taxless. Perhaps they could be so measured, but they never are. As long as we have governments divorced from religion, they never will be. In the campaign of 1932, candidate Roosevelt did his best to teach the country that if the rich pay taxes directly in money, every working man pays taxes in the sweat of his

brow. He probably convinced some that this statement was an elemental truth about taxes; but it would appear that he did not thoroughly convince himself. For by the end of 1934 he had put his bottle of red ink away, feeling that the time would soon come when he would not need it.

Today, no red ink is used in Washington, for the Government never goes in debt. There is no such word in its bright lexicon. Whatever the Government spends is an "investment," presumably, a profitable investment. In 1932, candidate Roosevelt spoke with horror of Government costs which rose from \$2,187,000,000 in 1929 to \$3,168,000,000 in 1931. But in 1935 President Roosevelt "invested" \$7,375,000,000, and \$9,268,000,000 in 1937. Next year, he will "invest about \$13,000,000,000.

There is not much use in arguing against this position. It is exactly like arguing with a man who tells you that he can eat his cake and have it. But it can be said that it is a very costly position. Last year, it added \$3,500,000,000 to what simple folk still call the national debt, and it will add as much more next year. In six years, it has raised the national debt from approximately twenty billions to more than forty billions. The refusal of the Government to write these figures in red ink and its persistent claim that the greater part of these twenty billions is a productive investment shows its willingness to plunge the people still deeper into debt.

Looking back over the last forty-two months, we find that financial policies which the Government once presented to the people as "emergency" measures, are accepted as permanent policies. Meanwhile, taxes have risen to a frightening level, and unemployment has not notably decreased. We kill pigs, plow up cotton, throw wheat into the rivers, and pay the farmer for not working. For every new "emergency" the Government pulls another rabbit out of the hat and every rabbit is another scheme for spending more money. These rabbits are an expensive breed; up to this year, they have cost us about \$20,000,000,000. The House dimly grasped this fact when at its last session it would not even consider the proposition to purchase another rabbit priced at only \$800,000,000.

Rum has failed us. Juggling ink-bottles has failed us. The choicest rabbit that the President has pulled out of his capacious hat has failed us. Even the Administration Senator Pepper, of Florida, admitted in his speech in the closing hours of the last session, that the country is worse off than it has ever been.

Is the end to be chaos and old night? I find encouragement in Senator Pepper's confession and also in President Roosevelt's first fireside chat. The President then said that if his plans for recovery did not work, he would be the first to turn to other plans.

I think that the country agrees with Senator Pepper and is beginning to realize that the President's plans must be changed, either by Mr. Roosevelt, or by his successor. If they are not changed soon, no change can help us, for the United States we once knew, a solvent country, governed under a Constitution, will be no more.

BARELY TOLERABLE

NOW and then we find Catholics who think it is love's labor lost to maintain Catholic colleges and universities in this country. It would be better, they think, to close all but a few of the existing institutions, and to recommend our young men and women to matriculate at secular colleges. In England, they argue, Catholics have been educated at Oxford and Cambridge for nearly half a century, with results that are almost ideal. We could follow this approved plan with results equally good. It would relieve the Catholic body of a heavy burden, and secure many social and other advantages.

The argument omits two important facts. First, the attendance of Catholics at Oxford and Cambridge was permitted (not "approved") by the Holy See because of circumstances which do not exist in this country. That this permission will ever be extended to the United States is highly improbable. In the second place, Catholics whose position in England entitles them to speak with authority do not find the Oxford-Cambridge plan "almost ideal," or even near the ideal. The Catholic ideal in England is precisely the ideal which we cherish in the United States. "Every Catholic child in a Catholic school," whether the school be a kindergarten or a university, is the ideal of Catholics everywhere.

We cannot always and everywhere reach our ideals. But failure does not release us from the obligation of striving to attain them.

What educated Catholics think of the plan which permits Catholics to matriculate at Oxford and Cambridge is well expressed in an article in the *Dublin Review* for July, 1939, "The Chronic Problem of Catholic Education," by Dr. Philip Hughes. In England, as with us, "the chronic problem" is the selection of the best means of providing for young Catholics capable of profiting by a higher academic training. "There is no real education unless it be a Catholic education," writes Dr. Hughes. "Ideally, a Catholic university is essential to the full intellectual formation of man. For Catholics, at all events, a university education must in some way be first of all a Catholic education." But since "the Catholic university may be an impossibility for generations to come," we must do what we can with the means at hand. Much good has been accomplished by the university chaplains at Oxford and Cambridge, "but even in these two best situated universities," asks Dr. Hughes, "can it be said that we have yet begun to provide that systematic education of the mind in religious knowledge commensurate in kind with the secular instruction given in these places?"

Is it not the case that the highest education open to a Catholic in this country is precisely that system which is the object of Newman's ruthless analysis, the system he sums up in a single phrase as "the project of teaching secular knowledge in the University Lecture Room, and remanding religious knowledge to the parish priest, the catechism, and the parlor?"

That system, surely, is not ideal. It is barely tolerable.

PAUL L. BLAKELY

PROFIT-SHARING HELPS BOTH EMPLOYERS AND WORKERS

Sometimes the plan produces enough profits to share

RICHARD E. MULCAHY

"THE public interest in the matter is tremendous"; thus national interest in the Senate subcommittee's report on profit-sharing in American industry was described by Donald Despain. And no one knows better than Despain. For a year, as director of the statistical staff that compiled the report for the Senators, he saw at first hand the interest that businessmen and economists were taking in the work.

Although today profit-sharing is basking in the sunshine of popularity, on the horizon are seen lowering clouds that may bring gray skies. For interest means discussion; and in discussion many embarrassing questions pop up. For example, some of the cloud-producing questions heard about sharing profits are: What profits? What does the employer get out of it? Will the workers share the losses? If profit-sharing is not only to keep its place in the interest of the American public but, what is more important, is to become a vital part of our economic life, these difficulties must be solved. Can they?

However, before we attempt to answer any questions, it might be helpful to recall a few facts about sharing profits. Profit-sharing is a plan whereby the employee, in addition to his regular wages, receives a determined part of the net profits of the company. Such a plan is not new—the Nelson Manufacturing Company of St. Louis had one as early as 1886. And today there are more than 9,000 corporations in the country with some kind of welfare scheme and 728 with a true profit-sharing plan. A true plan is one founded on a sincere, equitable basis—as explained in the Editorial, *Profit-Sharing* (AMERICA, July 1, 1939).

As is to be expected, every plan to share the profits is not the same. Most companies, however, have this in common: before they start sharing anything they take out their ordinary running expenses, pay their workers a living wage (at least in theory), pay their bond interest, and set something aside for depreciation. Then the various plans begin to differ. Some share the remaining net profits with their employees before any dividends are paid to the stockholders; others give a six per cent dividend on the common stock. In some plans, both company and workers contribute to the fund to

be divided among the workers; in others, only the company. Finally, some give the worker his share of the profits immediately on the next pay day; while others have him wait until he retires or leaves the company.

To be more definite and concrete, let us see how one of the most famous plans in the country, the Joslyn plan, works. It provides that the employee should pay into a fund between two and a half and five per cent of his pay check. The company, in turn, agrees to pay into the fund not less than ten per cent of its net operating earnings but not exceeding four times the amount paid in by the workers for the year. One amazing example, and this is not a solitary one, will show how successful the plan has been. Jeremiah Quinlan, a warehouse man, retired. During the course of twenty years he had contributed into the fund \$3,145. The day he retired the company gave him a check for \$31,845! This was more than fifty per cent of his total wages for that time!

And right here is where the questions start popping. People ask: "I can understand how such a plan helps the worker—a \$31,845 check for \$3,145—a wonderful system. But what does it do for the employer?"

This is the same question that is asked in every study-club discussion on the Papal recommendation of profit-sharing. When Pius XI's persuasive inducement is read: "as is already being tried to the no small gain both of the wage-earners and of the employers," some one inevitably asks: "But what does the employer get out of it?"

What the employer gets out of profit-sharing is clearly shown by the Senate committee. He gets increased loyalty and efficiency from his workers, and gets a company free from labor troubles. Mr. Despain's report contains enough statistics to furnish numbers for any average-size telephone book that prove this. For example, during a certain period, twenty per cent of the companies without profit-sharing plans had strikes; while only ten per cent of those that shared their profits had them. And what is more startling, the records show that the companies with the true profit-sharing plan—the Joslyn, Procter and Gamble, and Nunn-Bush type—during that time had no strikes!

Senator Vandenberg told an interested Senate that the employer often gets more out of sharing the profits than he puts in. He said: "Nor is profit-sharing restricted to companies already making a profit, as is popularly believed. The experience of various business concerns reveals that profit-sharing has been employed to carry companies out of the red into the black . . ."

An impressive example of this is the fairy-tale-like experience of the Jewel Tea Company. When it was losing money each year, as much as two million dollars in a single year, the Company decided what almost sounds ironical: to share the profits with the workers. But that plan produced the profits to be shared—to the extent of a million dollars a year!

Another question threatens to cast a shadow on the sunshine popularity of profit-sharing: "How about the losses? Will the workers be willing to share the losses?" The best way, perhaps, to handle such an embarrassing question is, in true Irish fashion, to ask two more and to answer them: Do the workers not share the losses? Should they share the losses?

First, do they not share the losses? Every one of the thirteen million unemployed answers with every tired step he takes while searching for work that he does take the losses. Likewise responds every pay envelope with the cut pay-check. Since 1930, the pay loss to wage-earners and salaried workers has exceeded \$120,000,000. And estimate the wage loss of the unemployed for the last ten years. An annual average of 10,000,000 unemployed at a wage rate of \$1,500 a year for ten years means the unemployed of America have borne a loss of \$150,000,000,000. Do the workers not share the losses? And this has been going on not only during the 'thirties, but ever since the Industrial Revolution began. And during this time they have not been sharing the profits. It is true that in good times they are given a job and a raise in wages. But to what level? At best only to a peak of a normal living wage, and then the circle of unemployment and cut pay-checks begins revolving all over again.

Then we come to the second important question for which we seek an answer: Should the worker share the losses because he asks for a share of the profits? It would seem so, since the worker thereby becomes a partner; and a partnership in its elementary sense is an agreement to share the profits and losses of an enterprise. This may be true in the case of a complete partnership; but profit-sharing is only a combination partnership and wage contract—a modified form of the wage contract. This is clearly seen in the language chosen by Pius XI in *Quadragesimo Anno*, when he recommended profit-sharing: "In the present state of human society, however, We deem it advisable that the wage contract should, when possible, be *modified* by a contract of partnership."

In the case of the modified form of the wage contract, should the worker share the losses? Ordinarily, no. For the worker at best receives only a living wage and thus any loss to be taken would

mean that he would receive less than a just wage. However, it depends on why there are losses. If the losses are the fault of the owner himself, the worker should never be asked to share them. Concerning such a case, the words of the great Encyclical are most definite: "If the business makes smaller profit on account of bad management, want of enterprise or out-of-date methods, this is not a just reason for reducing the workingmen's wages." No sane man will quarrel with this reasonable and Christian teaching.

On the other hand, if the losses are not the blame of the owner, then the worker might be asked to share his misfortune. For the same Encyclical says: "If, however, the business does not make enough money to pay the workman a just wage, either because it is overwhelmed with unjust burdens, or because it is compelled to sell its products at an unjustly low price, those who thus injure it are guilty of grievous wrong; for it is they who deprive the workingmen of the just wage, and force them to accept lower terms."

Even in this case, business cannot, as soon as it dips into the red ink, immediately demand that labor share the losses! Oswald Von Nell-Bruening, S.J., an authority on social questions, says: "Even before this (the request that the workers take less than a just wage), the employer must waive his claim for profit and interest; he has, of course, the right to demand a proper amount that will enable him to live and perform his functions as employer." So, as long as the worker is receiving less than a just wage or, at best, merely a living wage, for an employer to ask the worker to share the losses should be the rare exception and not the general practice that it is today in this country and has been for many years.

Finally, there is the seemingly devastating question raised in an editorial of the *Chicago Tribune* to Senator Vandenberg and his committee. The editor pointedly remarks: "For general application, however, profit-sharing has the limitation of the recipe for rabbit stew—first catch your profits. Profits are not so general that any considerable percentage of workers would find any to share." In other words, the *Tribune* editor poses a difficult question: "What profits?"

The editor's difficulty is that he forgets there is a difference between rabbit stew and profit-sharing. Rabbit stew does not breed rabbits; but profit-sharing does multiply profits. Moreover, just as rabbit stew, when eaten, increases a man's strength, so profit-sharing, when adopted, gives new life, tone and vigor to the whole economic system.

It is true that sharing profits is not a panacea for all our economic ills; but it would be a strong antidote against one of the chief causes of the present disorder. The fundamental economic cause of the depression is this: the purchasing power of the consumer has not been able to keep up with the amount of goods produced for sale. And profit-sharing corrects this very defect. It puts more money in the hands of the worker, America's big consumer.

IN the Encyclical *On Atheistic Communism*, Pius XI reminds "state functionaries and all employes" that they "are obliged in conscience to perform their duties faithfully and unselfishly." He adds that in the present world crisis this obligation presses with particular force, for officials, the Pope writes, "dispose of immense funds, built up on the sweat and toil of millions." They should, therefore, strive to imitate "the brilliant example of distinguished men of our own day and of the past, who with unremitting labor sacrificed their all for the good of their country."

Pius XI was not satisfied with the public official who did nothing more than observe the Commandment against stealing. He ought to be "a model of prudence and sobriety," a man who keeps "constantly and singly in mind the common good," a selfless servant who, should the occasion arise, is willing to sacrifice his all for the welfare of his country. He must do everything that will make him a faithful steward of the trust imposed in him.

We have dwelt at some length on the Pontiff's portrait of a faithful public servant, because recent events have shown that in some parts of the country, this official, if not extinct, is becoming somewhat rare. Certainly, every American old enough to vote is familiar with the public official who shortly after his election forgets that public office is a public trust, and begins to lose his ability to distinguish between his salary, as fixed by law, and the monies paid in by the people to be administered for their sole benefit. Sticky fingers and poor eyesight are not new phenomena among public officials, but it seems to us that of late these twin disorders are becoming far too common, especially among men known to the public as Catholics.

Deplorable as all official misconduct is, it is doubly deplorable when the rascal is presented to the public as "a Catholic." While no man can be a Catholic, understanding by the term a man who lives his religion, and at the same time a faithless official, it is perfectly true that corrupt politicians often claim to be members of a Church whose teachings they set at naught. Every Catholic official knows well that he must give good example in his public as well as in his private life, and that he merits the condemnation of "woe to him through whom scandal cometh," if he fails. Those who fail are not Catholics, but pseudo-Catholics.

Yet they parade as Catholics. Sometimes the press labels them as "fervent Catholics," a title which no real Catholic would dream of claiming. Unfortunately, the public often accepts the press label as a genuine hall-mark, and concludes that public corruption is quite compatible with the highest Catholic moral standards.

Catholics can only rejoice when pseudo-Catholic crooks in office are exposed and jailed. One way of keeping them out of office is to scrutinize with unusual care the candidate who tries to turn his religion into a political asset. He may not be a crook, but why put a fool in office?

CHEATING THE CHILD

IS your child in a Catholic school? Millions of Catholic boys and girls have been entered in Catholic schools, sanctuaries erected to the glory of God, and in them they will be given a real education. Education without religion has a smaller claim to be considered education than an academic training which omits instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic and the other customary subjects. Religion must be the very soul of the school that is fit not only for God's Catholic children, but for all God's children. Are you giving your child a real education or a counterfeit?

MAY LABOR HAVE

LABOR DAY finds millions of men unemployed, business showing little of the upturn confidently predicted for this season, and the two great labor organizations armed for war. Labor has little over which to rejoice, and much to deplore. Labor Day this year is not an occasion which labor can use for self-congratulation. It is, rather, an occasion that ought to prompt organized labor to consider its position seriously. What are the gains of the last five years? What is to be done next?

The Wagner Act was acclaimed as a victory for organized labor. Its stated purposes are admirable, and even those who during the debates in Congress foresaw serious difficulties in executing the law, were prepared to forget their objections and to work to make the Act a real Magna Charta for labor. Certainly, the evils of which labor could complain were many and grave.

For years the average wage-earner had been at the mercy of the employer. If a living wage were denied him, he had no redress; he took what was offered or he lost his job. In some localities, the union was strong enough to help him, but in general, the worker's right to collective bargaining was not recognized. Collective bargaining was found in a few fields, but rarely was it considered to be the worker's right. Less bigoted employers would concede it as a favor, or some more intelligent industrialist would establish it, simply because after trial he found that it would help to eliminate labor difficulties, and so increase his profits. Collec-

QUEEN OF PEACE

NEXT Friday, the Church commemorates the coming into this world of the holiest of all human creatures, Mary, the Immaculate Mother of Our Lord, Jesus Christ. From the beginning of the Christian era, lovers of Christ have invoked her help under many titles; yet whatever reverent and endearing names we may give her, she is always the Mother of God, and the loving mother of all God's children. The necessities of this day suggest that we turn to her, and beg her as Queen of Peace to intercede with her Son for a mad world that meditates war. Mary, Queen of Peace, pray for us.

AVE BRIGHTER DAYS

tive bargaining, then, was allowed by a few industrialists, but very few admitted it to be a right which labor could justly claim.

The chief purpose of the Wagner Act was to eliminate industrial disorders by enacting into Federal law the right of workers to bargain collectively through representatives of their own choice. Necessarily, the law also protected the right of workers to form unions freely, and penalized employers who interfered with this right. Recognizing that differences of opinion can arise even when both employes and employers are in complete good faith, Congress created the National Labor Relations Board to administer the Act. That the Act had the approval of intelligent employers as well as of the public, at the time it was approved by Congress, is undeniable.

It is now equally undeniable that not all the good intentions of the Act have been realized. We hope the time will never come when the Government will fail to use its authority, within its constitutional sphere, to protect the workers' right to organize and to bargain collectively. For that very reason we hope that the next Congress will amend the Act to protect the rights of labor more effectively.

Employers have rights and wage-earners have duties, but it seems to us that the Act, as interpreted by the Labor Board, has tended to deny both facts. If the Board is right, the Act should be amended. Labor cannot profit by inequitable legislation. Gains won by disregarding rights lead to disaster.

WE CONSCIENTIOUSLY OBJECT

LIKE most of us in our daily lives, the last Congress did some things that it should not have done, and left undone some that it should have done. But in one field, it held a consistent and laudable position. In spite of the rumors of war, spread with remarkable zeal by high Federal officials, Congress refused to fall into a panic. More to the point, on more than one occasion it registered an opinion that if Europe wants to go to war, it must do this without American aid in money or in men.

This does not end the matter, since to rely upon what one Congress does or thinks is to lean on a broken reed. The speeches against war, and against our participation in any war that may be engineered in Europe are significant only because they reflect an opinion that is fast becoming universal in the United States. The ideologists, of course, already accept war as inevitable. Some, a minority, probably, have decided that it is our duty to align ourselves with that form of imperialism known as the Rome-Berlin axis. Others plump hotly for what, *pace* Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, is the type of imperialism represented by France and Great Britain.

Fortunately, the ideologists are a minority group and the plain ordinary citizen invokes a plague on both their houses. Fortunately, too, the politicians know that the plain ordinary citizen has a vote which, at least in crises, he is apt to use intelligently, but with devastating effects to them. They also realize that in the next campaign every candidate for office will be subjected to cross-examination on his attitude to war. That is why during the last Congress many of them seized the opportunity to announce their detestation of war and their determination that this country shall take no part in any European war. The genuine Americans in Congress will feel their hands immensely strengthened by the support of these weaker brethren who, if they have never formed the habit of voting for their convictions, can learn to vote under the compulsion of public opinion.

Needless to say, this Review aligns itself with those who hold that it is impossible at this moment to justify on moral grounds American participation, direct or indirect, in any war in Europe. It is extremely unlikely that any reason will arise to reverse this judgment.

It will probably be admitted that we have no cause which would justify Congress in declaring that a state of war exists with any nation. In this country war is generally thought of as financial aid given by the United States to some nation at war, or as active participation in hostilities initiated abroad. In other words, what even the protagonists and promoters of war have in mind is not offensive, or even defensive war, but a war of intervention. They postulate a war which would affect our interests so closely that it would be equivalent to an attack on the nation by an unjust aggressor.

The average American is not deeply impressed by the argument. The World War has taught him that in substance "intervention" means that the

United States will be expected to defray all, or the greater part of, the costs of the war. Conceivably, the argument of the interventionists might have merit; in the present case, however, it is worthless. A war of intervention to aid a nation unjustly attacked, or as a defense against a direct but disguised attack, is not necessarily unjust. In fact, given the necessary conditions, it can be justified. Briefly, then, a war of intervention is to be judged by the principles invoked in examining the justice of any war.

Even a casual knowledge of these principles suffices to sweep away the case of the interventionists. To take but one principle: would our intervention work for the welfare of this country and of the world, or against it?

We rushed into the World War in the delusion that it was a war "to save democracy." We should have known, but did not, that war does not save democracy, but lets loose a flood of moral and economic evils which destroy democracy. The most evident result of the World War is a world in which democracy, taking that much-abused term in its best sense, has all but perished. Recourse to war helped no one in 1914, but well nigh ruined the world. It will help no one in 1939.

Powerful factions here and abroad are determined to spend our money and the blood of our young men, to enable Europe to try to kill civilization by another war. That war will be judged unjustifiable. We hope that Congress and the Administration (whatever it may be in the future) will realize that millions of Americans do not admit that a war is made just when Congress declares that it is just. We had a few conscientious objectors in this country during the World War. Should another World War come, we shall have millions.

One of them will be this Review.

FOOD AND THE FARMER

LAST Sunday the New Yorker who picked up his morning paper was greeted with pictures which, at first sight, seemed from some war-zone. That first impression was not altogether wrong. For some months war has been threatened by the milk-farmers of the State. While city folk have been paying a high price for milk, the price paid the farmer hardly makes it worthwhile to market milk.

Here again we have one of those miserable quarrels which are inevitable as long as we stick to the present methods of distribution. The United States raises enough food to feed half the world, and under improved methods can raise enough to feed more than half, yet millions of American children never get enough food.

It is no solution of this grave problem to plow our crops under, or to throw away the food that God gives. That method has been tried, and it has ended in distress both for the farmer and the public. What we need is a cooperative method of distribution under which the people can be fed and the farmers can receive adequate compensation for their labor.

MORE THAN THESE

IT is impossible for a submarine to fly through the air, conveying passengers overnight from New York to San Francisco, and equally impossible for an airplane to function as a submarine. Each machine is built for a specific purpose, and any attempt to substitute one for the other will result in failure.

Now in the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Matthew, vi, 24—33) we are told that man too was made for a specific purpose. Our Lord states it in very simple language, "Seek ye therefore first the Kingdom of God, and his justice." When this purpose is steadily kept in view, we advance toward the fulfilment of the end for which we were created. When we disavow it, or allow ourselves to forget it, we are like airplanes used for submarines, and submarines trying to soar above the clouds.

But man, since he has the power to choose freely, is not a machine. He can shape his life in accordance with the purpose of his creation, and he can deliberately reject God's plans for him. When he freely elects to serve God, he perfects his being, and secures for himself a life of everlasting happiness. All that he is and all that he does is in harmony, and although, judged by the world's standards, he may be poor and abject, his life is glorious in the sight of God. He daily grows in his appreciation of spiritual values, and soon learns the truth of Saint Paul's teaching that the trials of this life are nothing when compared with the reward which awaits all who strive to know God's holy Will and to fulfil it.

That is why the Saints were happy men and women, although for some of them life was an almost unbroken series of temporal misfortunes. Others suffered for long years from those inner conflicts which Saint Paul found in himself, and which Almighty God permits in the souls of many of His elect. But all, keeping their gaze steadily fixed upon the Kingdom of God, bore with patience and even with joy the trials of the pilgrim's way.

When God sends or permits tribulation, He always gives us strength to bear it. But He has not promised to aid us in the tribulation which is the result of our sin and folly. When we try to serve God and Mammon, we are trying to do what is impossible, and when our lives are thrown out of gear, we have only ourselves to blame. We may heap up wealth, but the loss of our souls is too high a price to pay for it. We cannot purchase happiness, here or hereafter, with money.

At the same time, we must not think that the life of the true Christian is all darkness and weeping. In tomorrow's Gospel, after telling us that life is more than the meat, and the body more than the raiment, Our Lord assures us that our Heavenly Father knows our temporal needs and will provide for them, if we will but trust Him. He cares for the flowers of the field and for the birds of the air, and we, Our Lord tells us, are more than these. When we seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice, "all these things" of which we truly stand in need "will be added" unto us.

CHRONICLE

THE ADMINISTRATION. Stiffening of Washington's attitude toward Japan stiffened Britain in her negotiations with the Nipponese. Acting Secretary of State Welles admitted that London consulted the United States before rejecting the Japanese economic demands. . . . The Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation announced plans to provide 5,000,000 school children with free lunch. Last year it furnished 800,000 children in 14,000 schools with free lunches. . . . Remarking that "our trade with Argentina has suffered in recent years for lack of a trade agreement," Acting Secretary of State Welles disclosed plans for a reciprocal trade treaty with Argentina. . . . With the war clouds gathering in Europe, President Roosevelt terminated his vacation on the cruiser *Tuscaloosa*, hurried to Washington. . . . Mr. Roosevelt cabled to King Victor Emmanuel of Italy urging His Majesty Government "to formulate proposals for a pacific solution of the present crisis." "The Government of Italy and the United States," the President said, "can today advance those ideals of Christianity which of late seem so often to have been obscured." Mr. Roosevelt expressed the belief that Italy "can greatly influence the averting of an outbreak of war." . . . The President later forwarded an appeal to Chancellor Hitler and to President Moscicki of Poland. Mr. Roosevelt asked that "the Governments of Germany and Poland agree by common accord to refrain from any positive act of hostility for a reasonable and stipulated period . . ." The President then suggested three possible methods of solving the controversy between the two countries: first, direct negotiation; second, submission of the dispute to an impartial arbitration; third, conciliation by an impartial third party, who could be "a national of one of the traditionally neutral States of Europe, or a national of one of the American Republics." If they resort to one of the three methods suggested, Mr. Roosevelt declared: "It is understood, of course, that each nation will agree to accord complete respect to the independence and territorial integrity of the other."

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THE DIES COMMITTEE. German-American Bund leader, Fritz Kuhn, admitted before the House Committee investigating un-American activities that he directed Chicago Bund officials to destroy correspondence with people in Germany, declared he felt the Dies group would make unfair use of it. He testified that Attorney General Murphy in 1936 addressed a Bund meeting in Detroit. Helen Vooros, nineteen-year-old former Bund member, charged Bund Youth Movement leaders and members with immorality. National Socialism is a religion in itself and its adherents can have no other religion—was the doctrine taught her and other girls and boys

sent to Germany at the expense of the Bund and the Reich Government, she declared. . . . Chairman Dies said he wants the Department of Justice to prosecute the Communist party, the German-American Bund and other organizations for failure to register as agents of foreign Governments. He asserted the "evidence before our Committee clearly shows that the Communist party of the United States is an agent of the Communist Third International, which has its headquarters in Moscow." Certain Communist front organizations, he added, such as the League for Peace and Democracy, the International Labor Defense and many others are also agents of the Communist party.

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AT HOME. The National Labor Relations Board ordered the Ford Motor Company to reinstate twenty-four men discharged for union activity and to stop criticizing labor unions and advising employees not to join them. The Ford Company issued a statement refusing to follow the Board's order, asserting it deprived Mr. Ford of the right of free speech, a right "accorded to the advocates of Communism or any other ism." It was expected the dispute would go to the courts. . . . The United States Chamber of Commerce reported a general improvement in business. Revision of the tax laws by Congress caused the improvement, the report maintained.

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GREAT BRITAIN. In the face of Hitler's rebuff Britain went ahead with war preparations, including the calling of reservists, poising of the air force and concentration of warships in the Skagerrack, north of Denmark. Evacuation of women and children from London began and a nightly blackout of London was ordered. . . . Reinforcements were sent to the Mediterranean, where the bases at Gibraltar and Malta were on the alert. . . . Britain responded to the challenge of the German-Russian pact by reaffirming her decision to fight for Poland. . . . Swift progress was made in concluding a pact with Tokyo, because of Japan's abandonment by the Reich in the Russian alliance. . . . Art works in the National, Tate and other galleries were stored in basements. An enabling bill giving officials emergency war powers was passed by the Commons. . . . Greece was held certain to be on the side of Britain in the event of war.

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GERMANY. Stabbing the British Empire in the back, the Reich Government on August 24 signed with Russia a non-aggression pact binding each of them for ten years not "to associate itself with any other grouping of powers which directly or indirect-

ly is aimed at the other party." Agreeing to remain in consultation with one another on their common interests, each bound itself to refrain from any act of force against the other and, if either party is the object of warlike acts by a third power, to refrain from supporting that third power. The treaty was signed by Ribbentrop and Molotov, as agents of the respective Governments. . . . Signature of the pact followed a day that brought Europe close to the brink of war. When the British Ambassador to Berlin conveyed to Chancellor Hitler a warning that Britain would fight for Poland he was bluntly rebuffed. . . . Tokyo was left in the lurch as the anti-Comintern pact Germany signed with Japan seemingly was scrapped. . . . Germany boasted that her Westwall fortifications are thirty miles deep and impregnable to invasion by France. . . . Hitler's ultimatum to Poland stepped up his demands to include the Polish Corridor as well as Danzig, with a fourth partition of Poland as the penalty of refusal. . . . Hitler was reported to have a total of twenty-five divisions of troops along the Polish frontier as Europe wondered whether the week-end would see a general war.

RUSSIA. The signing of the non-aggression pact with Germany was interpreted to mean that Russia would observe strict neutrality if war comes. While embarrassing Communists throughout the world, it was hailed in Moscow as a peace contribution, for officials denied that the pact was a bar to an alliance with Britain and France.

POLAND. Warsaw remained outwardly calm, still doubting that Hitler would risk provoking a general war. Trenches were dug in Danzig, but normal life was not disturbed by rumors of a showdown with Hitler. The headlines in Warsaw papers featured the British declaration of full support for Poland, though there was no overt discussion of just how that support would reach Poland. . . . It is admitted the Soviet-German pact was concluded principally to weaken Poland's position and that the Nazis had abandoned their plans for breaking up Russia to get "living space" in the Ukraine in order to win full Soviet neutrality when they attack Poland. . . . Warsaw repudiated all German atrocity charges, saying that the real cause of complaints has been the arrest of members of the pro-Nazi party. . . . Popular reaction to the pact was that Russia intends to wait until Europe is down and out and only then to fight for what she can get by pouncing on the depleted survivors of a war. Poles frankly doubted that the pact would be of any help to Germany.

ITALY. No military moves were apparent in Italy, the country remaining tranquil as the regime failed to stir up any war fervor among the people. . . . The British and French ambassadors saw Count Ciano in an effort to impress on him British and French determination to fight for the integrity of Poland.

The British Cabinet's warning statement was published in Italy, while the Berlin press ignored it. . . . To be sure, the extreme Fascist papers talk much about war, but no trenches were being dug, nor were other signs of war psychosis apparent. . . . Press editorials hailed the Russian pact as the end of German encirclement. . . . Italian Catholicism and the popular indifference to war were seen as the reasons why President Roosevelt addressed his message of peace to King Victor Emmanuel alone and couched it along lines that urged resistance to the anti-God coalition.

FRANCE. A shuttle service of French and British bombers over Germany was projected, the planes to land and refuel in Poland and drop their loads on the return trip to France. . . . Instructions to diplomats revealed that France will declare war on Germany if Poland is invaded. The Government already has authority to mobilize all its manpower without need of public proclamation. . . . The French are fully conscious of the fact that Germany can hurl the tremendous mass of seventy divisions against the Polish frontier at any moment, but plan, under General Gamelin, the completion of a general mobilization of what is regarded by many competent observers as the most efficient army in Europe.

BELGIUM. King Leopold convoked a seven-power conference of the small nations that would presumably be menaced by invasion should war come. Diplomats of Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland, the Netherlands and Luxembourg assembled at Brussels and heard King Leopold urge "open negotiations" to avert what seems imminent war.

BOLIVIA. German Busch, thirty-five-year-old dictator of Bolivia, died August 23, with a bullet lodged in his temple. The shooting was first officially described as accidental. Later Propaganda Minister Flores declared President Busch had shot himself, following mental depression caused by overwork. It was announced that an election will be held to choose his successor.

VATICAN CITY. From his summer home at Castel Gandolfo, Pope Pius XII broadcast in Italian an impassioned plea to all in positions of authority in the world to pray and act so that Europe's differences might be peacefully composed. Speaking in quick, nervous phrases, His Holiness said that the danger was imminent but that there was still time. He counseled the nations to reason, good will and respect for one another's rights, saying that injustice sapped strength and that the power of the mighty would be destroyed if they relied on force rather than reason. "With us," the Pontiff stated, "is all humanity which wants justice, bread and liberty, not the sword which slays and destroys."

CORRESPONDENCE

DEPORTABLE

Editor: On May 26, 1938, the House of Representatives adopted House Resolution 282, authorizing the Speaker "to appoint a special committee to be composed of seven members for the purpose of conducting an investigation of . . . the extent, character and objects of un-American propaganda activities in the United States."

On January 3, 1939, this committee reported to the whole House; and in this report, we find Harry Bridges mentioned as follows: "The Committee secured from the Labor Department the file in the Bridges case. . . . Suffice it to say, that this file shows that many witnesses testified under oath that Harry Bridges was a Communist alien; that he belonged to an organization which preaches the overthrow of the United States Government by force and violence; that he himself advocated the overthrow of the Government by force and violence; and that he had likewise advocated sabotage. Therefore, upon several statutory grounds, Harry Bridges is mandatorily deportable."

The report, moreover, goes on to say: "In the file of the Labor Department on the Bridges case, there is ample proof that the Communist party advocates the overthrow of the Government by force and violence."

In the face of this testimony, the claim that Communists in this country have no connection with the Communism of Russia seems puerile, especially when it is recalled that the official name of the Communist party since 1928 in this country has been: "The Communist Party of the United States of America, section of the Communist International."

Detroit, Mich.

ERWIN A. LEFEBVRE

NEW AMENDMENT

Editor: That the mis-labeled Child Labor Amendment is far from a dead issue is evidenced by an ill-advised article touching the subject in a recent number of the *Nation*.

AMERICA has been foremost in combating this attempt to hand over control of the young people to the Federal Government. But defensive warfare is always tedious. It leads at best to a stalemate. A decided victory can be secured only through a determined offensive.

The Constitution of the United States stipulates that an Amendment shall not become law until ratified by three-fourths of the States in the Union. But the Constitution is silent as to the time within which such ratification is to be expressed by the required number of States.

This oversight is patently an imperfection in our fundamental law. And it is a defect which works to the advantage of those forces which favor

centralization or radical legislation. For once a State legislature has ratified an amendment, it rarely reverses itself. To bring this about would require much effort and much expense. On the other hand in the States which have rejected the amendment the ever-alert forces referred to, in some unguarded moment, may easily bring about a reversal in the vote of the legislators.

AMERICA would render a distinct service, were it to start agitation for an amendment to the Constitution that would put a reasonable, clearly specified limit of time within which an Amendment must be adopted by the States. After expiration of this time, the Amendment would be automatically defeated.

Hancock, Mich.

REV. MICHAEL NIVARD

OLD FASHIONED PICNIC

Editor: This is an invitation to Mrs. Patrick Crowley, Doran Hurley, Mrs. Killoran, the Old Pastor, *et. al.* to visit our parish on its annual picnic day, for I know that all of them would feel very much at home.

There they will find the colored lights, the succulently frosted and heavily iced and elaborately decorated cakes wrought by the master cooks, the handicraft and pillows, lamps, and crocheted bags and what not, the cane ringing, soft drinks, coffee, sandwiches and home-made pie, the Rector winning a cigar, a ferris wheel (believe it or not), an Indian-relie exhibit.

Moreover, if they could stay long enough, they could enjoy the Sodality outing and the parish boat ride, when the pastor (not so old) takes the captain's cap and berth to steer the river steamer down the Ohio from ten in the morning, returning at two in the afternoon to take on more of the people of the parish and start up-stream—cap, pipe and all.

That's just a start. If we told the whole story, it would be much too long, and if I said more, I'd be afraid my scalp might be in danger.

Louisville, Ky.

ANASTASIA M. LAWLER

ORCHID

Editor: It is a real pleasure to tell your Constant Reader, Father Burkett, (AMERICA, June 13) that I am, like him, both a constant reader of and an initial subscriber to AMERICA. For a great many years, I lived in New York and my name was on AMERICA's list, even before its publication. It has never been off and, I hope, will never be until I die. It is, indeed, "a Godsend to distracted minds" and was especially so to me during the World War. May it live long and prosper!

Camden, S. C.

VIRGINIA B. WALLIS

LITERATURE AND ARTS

A MODERN POET WITH A MEDIEVAL IDEAL

J. G. E. HOPKINS

I KNOW a man who is a poet. He is a good poet and he is a Catholic poet, in the sense that his work is permeated with the Catholic spirit of order and aspiration, and not because he is canny enough on occasion to throw in for atmosphere some mention of good, old Father O'Flynn and the scent of incense in dim, cathedral aisles. Over some period of time, my friend had published his work in magazines and it had met with the approval of many readers. He wished for his work the permanence of publication in book form; for there is nothing so permanent as a book, whether it be good or bad; and he sent his carefully typed manuscript on the rounds of the publishing houses.

Now there is nothing wrong with the publishing business except that it is a business. Publishers must increase sales volume, cut overhead and make money, just as any other manufacturer or businessman. They are in business to supply a demand. The old, romantic days of the publishing business are dead and gone; the modern book-merchant and purveyor does not attempt to mold public taste, he follows it. Since, at the present writing, there is little or no public clamor for the publication of poetry, the wise publisher turns his attention to novels or biography or supposedly inside stuff on European politics. And who can blame him? He is justified by his bookkeeper and his bank balance.

My friend, however, could not share in this eminently level-headed judgment. When one after another of the reputable firms returned his manuscript with regret and explanation, he grew wrathful. He knew that his work was worthy of board covers, much more so than most of the books of poetry which received a bored and perfunctory review each week in the Sunday literary supplements. He refused to be soothed by the reflection that such publication profited only the vanity of the authors or by the testimony of the drug-store book counters a year or so after, where these proud products of the Muse were displayed for sale at "Your Choice—19 cents." It was the principle of the thing that bothered him. Why, said he, should inferior work be published merely because the publishers were anxious to get an option on a work of fiction by

the same author or to please some importunate friend of the bard whose biographies of light ladies were a wholesome source of profit? The words, "hucksters," "farceurs" and "money-changers" rose to his lips.

We were sitting one night over a cup of coffee. It was rather late, and the shop was crowded with people come from the theatres, anxious for a final snack before the exodus into suburbia. It was noisy, and so I did not grasp the full sense of my friend's remark until he repeated it. "I'll publish my book myself," he said. I attempted all the arguments at my command; I pointed out the certainty of failure, of monetary loss, of disappointment. I showed how impossible it would be to get circulation for a privately printed book. I was cold and logical and reasonable. Still, he repeated stubbornly: "I've written these poems, and now I'll buy a press and print them myself. I'll design the title-page and I'll do woodcuts for illustrations. I'll bind each volume and I'll letter the backs. Why," he said, growing animated, "that's the only way poetry should be printed. It's the guild method, the idea of the single master-craftsman who does an entire work in his own house and with his own hands. Don't tell me it won't circulate! If the book's any good, people will want it. You can't keep a good book down."

I said nothing. I knew he could set type. He started in life as a printer and he still kept his union card. "Not only that," he went on, "but it's a way to lick the system. Suppose I do my own book and it's a success? What's to prevent me doing other books? I can help out other poets who have run their heads into the same stone wall as I have. Now there's a real idea!" We shook hands and I saw him off on his train.

After he had bought a press and various fonts of type, a paper-cutting machine and all the rest of his outfit, I went down to see him. He had installed the plant in the cellar of his home, and I found him there, working on a woodcut. I stood by, uttering dismal prophecies of failure. "You can't bind a book," I told him; "It's a skilled trade. Men spend years learning it. I'll admit you know how to set type, but . . ." He did not even look up.

"I can learn it, too," he replied; "Please go away. I'm busy."

In the intervals of regular business, the type was set, the proofs were run off, sheet by sheet the printing was done. Then the signatures were assembled, folded and cut. Learning to bind the finished product did not turn out to be such a problem, but the gold lettering on the back did. After some difficulty in finding a suitable embossing press, my friend gave up the search and made one that suited admirably. In a few month's time, the completed book was in my hand—as workmanlike and smart a piece of book-making by professional standards as anyone could wish. And every one of the many operations incident to publication my friend had performed unaided.

Something about the whole business took the imaginations of the newspapermen, and the reviews and feature articles on my friend's book were country-wide in their circulation. Orders began to come in, at first slowly, then so many that he was horribly pressed for time to bind and ship the volumes. I should have told you before this that my friend is no lily of the field; he occupies a responsible position on a great New York newspaper and his publishing activities are undertaken in his spare time. An idea had become an actuality and my friend's faith and determination have been rewarded.

This story of Clifford Laube and his Monastine Press is not an ordinary success story. Already three-quarters of the original edition of *Crags*, Mr. Laube's own book, has been sold; the entire cash outlay for the press and its adjuncts has been recovered, and the small profit accrued has encouraged Mr. Laube to begin work on another book by another poet, Miss Jessica Powers, whose profound and moving verses are now to be found only in dispersion among the pages of many magazines.

Miss Powers has no talent for self-advertisement; she is neither eccentric nor loud; her work speaks for her, and it is disciplined and intellectual. It is not the sort of thing that pleases such critics as the lady-reviewer who lamented recently in the "Times" book-supplement that a poet under review "had disciplined her art, and consequently not achieved her fullest expression." Shades of Aristotle, Dante, Racine and Goethe! To such a pass has romanticism brought us, that discipline, which is implicit in the very idea of art, is dismissed as a fault.

It remains for Mr. Laube and his press to present Miss Powers' work to her audience in collected form. May his future choice of poetry to publish be as fortunately inspired. There is something very generous about this, and very Catholic. It indicates that Clifford Laube did not confine his appreciation of the medieval virtue of cooperation and mutual help to empty and purposeless talk. He envisages a whole series of books by poets whom he thinks deserving of book-publication. The financial risk is to be all his own and idea is pure philanthropy. Naturally, Mr. Laube is not in the market for book manuscripts; he will choose his own candidates for publication in his own way.

In the inspiration of this enterprise, the medieval ideal of craftsmanship and cooperation, others may find a model for imitation. Clifford Laube has shown that it can be done, that poetry can be published and sold as a non-commercial venture. Stefan George, the German poet, had so high an ideal of the poet's function that he revolted from the tyranny of publishers entirely, and established a co-operative method of poetry publication, asserting that the poet should work free of the inhibiting influences of commerce and profit. George has stuck ruthlessly to this ideal despite hardships.

Here, in the utilitarian United States, poets have been forced to the same end, not by ideal motives, but because of the blank indifference of publishers and public alike. Now as the poet looks to communication and appreciation for his rewards, perhaps it will be by just such cooperative methods that the American public will be re-educated to poetry and the recognition that we still have poets in our midst. For it is a re-educative process that is required, and Mr. Laube may be proud to feel that he is one of the pioneer schoolmasters. If Mr. Laube's attempt fails, it will be from lack of support and not through want of will and exertion on his part.

I use this term "re-education," advisedly. Within the past three months I had occasion to draw up a bibliography of American poetry since 1900. There is no need to dwell on the details of the earlier part of this period. There was Carman, of course, and Hovey, Father Tabb, Moody and others; later came the revival, so-called, the vast amount of good, experimental work done between 1910 and 1926, the outburst of war poetry, some of it extremely good, the growth in reputation of Frost, Robinson, Millay, Amy Lowell and imagism, Ezra Pound, Lindsay, Masters, and so on, climaxing with MacLeish's earlier work. Yet, mysteriously, in the past decade not only the poets have disappeared but their audience as well. The old poetic stars have either died or declined. It is surprising that the proper alarm has not been sounded among the poets themselves.

Today, we are put to it to find three American versifiers who are fit artistically to claim the name of poet. Hysterical rhetoricians such as Kenneth Fearing, the poetic fakirs of the *New Masses*, the culture-boys with their vaporings about democracy, Walt Whitman and Onkel Karl Marx, the innumerable practitioners of the mush and moonlight school in the women's magazines, the cheap, collegiate imitators of Auden and Spender, have carried the day before them and dispersed the none too numerous American audience for poetry. It is not the public's fault that they will not buy the trash that an occasional, conscience-stricken publisher supplies in the name of poetry. It follows, therefore, that the publishers' lament over the failure of the public to buy books of verse is unjustified by the evidence. They have not attempted to sell poetry to the people; they have tried to palm off "our own product, madam, just as good as the advertised brand." Beauty is a commodity as practical as bread, and there is no reason why either baker or poet should starve if their product is the real thing.

MORE POETS DEFAMED

THEME

*Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow;
With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin.*

FIRST VARIATION: ROBERT HERRICK

Ye that were blithe and free,
Ye birds, make now your moan,
And sorrow here with me;
For Robin, he is gone.

The Rook in band and stole
Has sung the requiem
For mercy on his soul
And heaven's diadem.

Fair maids have wrapped him round
In flowery winding sheet;
Jack Sparrow's ugly wound
Made ending of his sweet,

Forbade him more to sing
His wanton, artless trills.
And yet he died in Spring
Among the daffodils.

SECOND VARIATION: ALEXANDER POPE

What wandering ghost, unhappy and astray,
Directs my singing and informs my lay?
He who was beautiful and murdered lies
Commands my lyre at his obsequies.
Why bade ye then, ye Powers, that envy start
Within the Sparrow's hard, unfeeling heart,
Permit the dart, so envy-spiced, to fly
And cause Cock Robin of all birds to die?
Was there no common thing that hate might slay
Beside this bird that brightened all the day,
Made melodies before the farmer's cot
And charmed the silences within my grot?

Here to his funerals his brothers come
To give him decent passage to the tomb;
In sober black comes humble Parson Rook,
The Lark behind him, bearing up the book;
Twin Doves make gentle mourning through the
glade,
The Owl strives manfully with trowel and spade,
Deep in the shadow of a flowering bush
Descants, all grievous, the sweet-throated Thrush.

THIRD VARIATION: GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

Grey brown red gush of bird-song, happy at morn-
ing,
Crop and craw filled, beauty-bosomed, bright-
breasted bird,
Minion of mild melody in the brake where first
stirred
Anxious symptoms, sad symbols, signs of my lorn-
ing;

Murder in midsummer done by a brother bird, scorn-
ing
To conceal, hide or make haven, not seen, not heard,
Drew bow, dinged down, nothing in heaven or earth
feared,
Boldly confessing, arrowing airily, alas, alas, the
thing!

Cruel, cruel and craven, O horrid sparrow now leave
here:
Assemble winged wonders, air-flung singers and
dumb,
From wood and mere-side, come crow, lark, linnet
appear;
Bird-baths, canary cages desert, to the funerals
come.
Parson, clerk, chaunters and choristers about the
small bier
Make. Be sad-sorrowing, send the fallen one home.
J. G. E. HOPKINS

THEIR RED-HEADED MOTHER

(N.B. So my aunts always called her)

The saucy plumage of my head
No bird of flame could ever copy,
Nor with her tresses double-red
Could summer's fair and floppy poppy.

And no accomplished little bird
Could vie, in his audacious chatter,
With my alert and purposed word
Of innocent surprising patter.

My echoes tantalize the years
With light, and unexpected laughter,
To give you torment more than tears
From any other woman after.

The sovereign of my pleasant looks,
I always did my kindness pertly;
I had an art not got from books
And kept the rules of it expertly.

Before I died I had done all
To please your eyes that I was able:
Some blue delphiniums in the hall,
Wild raspberries on the supper table.

And long you sought, when I was gone,
In my cool kitchen's dainty order,
In flower-constellated lawn,
And tousled beauty of the border,

And woven in my shrubbery,
Or speckled portico, to find me,
Or twinkling in the jewelry
And finger-rings I left behind me:—

In pale, smooth manicuring-sticks,
In silk attire, and shining rayon:—
And in the ivory Crucifix
I wept my little heart away on.

PATRICK MARY PLUNKETT

BOOKS

SLUMS, CYNICISM AND STARVATION

CHRIST IN CONCRETE. By Pietro Di Donato: Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.50

THE polyglot working poor who dwell in "Tenement America," and who "laugh and scream and moan and weep their cheated fragment selves," are the characters in this forceful story. No more eloquent plea for the down-trodden men, women and children who inhabit our slums has been made in recent fiction. Mr. Donato calls his volume a novel, yet behind its uncompromising frankness and plain-spoken realism one may suspect there is the terrible truth of history, perhaps even a bit of the autobiographical.

With all the pathos of a Greek tragedy, *Christ in Concrete* revolves mainly about the family of an Italian immigrant who lost his life in a construction job, and whose eldest son, Paul, assumes the parental responsibilities of earning and providing at the age of twelve. Left thus in extreme poverty, strangers in a strange land, Paul and his mother, Annunziata, find their only aid and solace among the poor when all other doors are closed to them. The indictment of a red-tape-ridden relief and charity that could offer no assistance when stomachs were empty and hearts distraught is drawn up with all the bitterness of an unfortunate disillusionment. Under the influence of such dismal disappointment, particulars are likely to become universal, at least by inference. It was this universalizing which hurled Paul, a mere child of eighteen, into the depths of cynicism and disbelief, when, in spite of his tireless efforts, his brothers and sisters are again faced with hunger.

Whether or not one agrees with the theme of Mr. Di Donato's novel, no one will question his ability to write graphically, too graphically at times, very beautifully at others, most particularly in his delineation of the character of Annunziata, who with her dying breath prays for Paul and closes her story with a note of hope.

JOSEPH R. N. MAXWELL

ECONOMICS IN AN ARMCHAIR

OUR TOWN'S BUSINESS. By Omar and Ryllis Goslin. Funk and Wagnalls Co. \$3.50

IN intent and achievement alike, this book represents a decidedly popular approach to subjects centered around the gloomy science of economics. Charts of statistics, which abound, are made alluring by means of artistic symbols. There are doctors carrying medicine cases, clerks wearing white collars, farmers holding big straw hats; and so, instead of skipping them, one finds oneself poring over the charts and translating the rows of symbols into figures. Beginning with a familiar setting, your own home town, the authors gradually advance toward the nation's social and economic problems, pausing frequently to illustrate explanation by example. For beginners, for the young and the sheltered, for those who frankly find the causes of the depression a mystery and economics a bore, this is a good book because of its simplicity. Treating of matters, some subtle and abstract, as the policy of public spending or the ethics of private property; others concrete, as the modern business setup of a typical American town; the authors are constantly confronted with the problem of proportion

of space, and this they handle very well. With many of their statements one might easily quarrel. They do not consider, for instance, that either this country or its labor unions are menaced by Communism. There are millions of us who do. They praise the International Ladies' Garment Workers for sending "substantial contributions to trade-union workers in Spain." The money was collected for the Communist cause. They trot out the usual brain trusters' arguments in favor of the New Deal policy of lavish spending, but are silent about the almost miraculous recovery of Portugal which began when Salazar balanced her budget. But while one may differ on a number of policies, solutions and philosophical attitudes, which are suggested rather than developed in the book, it is undoubtedly true that its authors hold up as an ideal the common good of the country, and are always sympathetic toward the unemployed and the poor.

GEORGE T. EBERLE

BRILLIANT BUT UNAUTHENTIC

HENRY, KING OF FRANCE. By Heinrich Mann. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. \$3

IF you have been brought up on "Ivry" and "And God preserve our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre," you are going to feel bad, so far as this book is concerned. But do not conclude from this that Heinrich Mann has written a feeble novel, or that Eric Sutton falls down on the job as translator. The translation is a fine piece of literary craftsmanship; and if the German original is anything like as vigorous, then *Die Völkung des Königs Henri Quatre* must be magnificent.

We first got acquainted with *Der König in Young Henry of Navarre*; and this later volume of Heinrich Mann continues the tale of the Hero of the Huguenots as he enters upon his heritage as King of France, and "Ivry" is out of the picture. Fond of women while still the Pride of the Protestants—and afterwards—he finally decides that Paris was worth a Mass, if you get the meaning. And he remains throughout the father of his people, from whichever angle you contemplate the paternal office! In fact, his philanderings begin to get wearisome. You understand the chariness of the Church in welcoming back this frisky lamb to the fold. That is, if the Church really were chary in the matter; because you are left in doubt whether Henry's return to Catholicism was motivated by some shreds of piety or merely by political ambition.

And that raises the question of the historical novel. Is the historical novel nothing more than a novel about an historical person; or is it a novel which, for all the graces and nuances of literary skill, has its foundation in fact rather than in fancy?

For you must remember that the authentic Henry, King of France, was assassinated, whereunto is attached an ancient and unsupported calumny. So it is not being meticulously captious to observe, in passing, that Heinrich Mann has not refrained from generous and frequent recourse to this same calumny.

That is why you find Mariana in the line-up at least three times. And if you have forgotten about Mariana, it is not inopportune to recall that he was a Jesuit theologian whose specialty—so it is alleged—was a benign benevolence toward the murder of princes. It may be asking too much to expect authors of historical romances to keep their history historical; as to which, Heinrich Mann practises a quiet abnegation.

As the tale approaches the finale, the Jesuit tyrannicides begin to gloat. As airily as the Spring fashions might be talked over, so the murder of the King is discussed. They are all quite nice and well-bred about it—the instigators, the instigatrix, the murderer, the murderess even. Everyone was so amiable and the plans were settled with such aristocratic gentility that the proposed assassination might have been a Father's Day party *in petto*. And the Papal Legate with the General of the Jesuits sweetly, but so effectively, pulling the strings.

Now do not think that malice drags these pieces of stage property into the daylight. But in their enthusiasm for the excellent writing and sustained interest, the brethren on the secular reviews may possibly overlook these skeletons in the literary closet. So we might as well insist that history be historical, rather than unauthenticated humbug.

HENRY WATTS

BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

NAVY MEN. By James B. Connolly. The John Day Co. \$3.50

ONCE again Mr. Connolly, a constant lover of the sea, pictures for us the life of a seaman. This time they are navy men and they are as new and modern as the huge destroyers and airplane carriers on which they live. Now that there is talk of a bigger and better Navy, it is good to know something about our Navy as it stands. In this book we have the clear analysis and worthwhile comment of an expert observer. The author, qualified by thirty-five years of varied and intimate experience with navy men, gives us much more food for thought than the usual statistical reports. Yet for all its thoughtful and informative content the book remains light reading. There are stories of war-time adventures, stirring episodes, humorous incidents, and the easy conversational style is enhanced by a number of well executed pen and ink sketches.

HAROLD FINN

HEROES OF THE CROSS. By Marion A. Habig, O.F.M. *Fortuny's*. \$2

THE herculean labor which the author proposed to himself—to determine exactly the time, place and manner of death of each of the Franciscan martyrs in North America, one hundred and seventeen plus the proto-martyrs, and, where possible, to recount the story of the individual martyrs—is attempted in one hundred and thirty-three pages; a mine of information deep-veined with heroic living and dying. All is done with a care for history, evidenced by notes and bibliography.

With Father Habig's graphic map to aid them, students should revel in this many sided study. His brethren will find inspiration and devotion in word and incident. The lay reader will be inspired by Fray Miguel de Aumon's last hours, Fray Blas Rodriguez' last words, Father Leo's life and assassination, and the more recent holocausts in Mexico.

F. C. BAILEY

THIS BUSINESS OF LIVING. By L. W. Grensted. The Macmillan Co. \$1.75

THE reader will be surprised to find a Professor of Christian Religion at Oxford associating Ptahhotep and Confucius with Proverbs and Ecclesiasticus. "Ptahhotep and Confucius and the writers of Proverbs and Ecclesiasticus are the lineal ancestors of Smiles' Self-Help and of the wisdom of the correspondence column of a weekly paper."

Making a problem of the definition of life, the author all too readily accepts evolution as a possible explanation, without any serious consideration of Divine creation.

When one reads: "No achievement of the past, whether it be a code of ethics or a recipe for a dish . . . , must hold us back from the new values of the new day," there

can be no surprise that the author struggles to define religion. Most tracts on ethics, which Professor Grensted seems to take lightly, would have solved the problem in a few lines. The book is hardly to be recommended.

FRANCIS B. McMANUS

SAINT JOHN CHRYSOSTOM. By Donald Attwater. Bruce Publishing Co. \$2

FROM out of the fourth century we meet a great Greek Doctor of the Church. His volumes are prized in all Patristic collections and his *Pro Eutropio* is remembered by aging alumni of classical colleges. He is the Universal Church's most distinguished pulpit orator and her official patron of preachers. A fearless bishop driven into, and dying, in exile because he would not render to Caesar the things of God, he was by popular acclamation raised to the altars of the Eastern and Western Churches. In a beautiful tribute to him, Cardinal Newman says: "I love him, as I love David or Saint Paul. . . . He may indeed be said in some sense to have a devotion of his own for every one who comes across him." Commenting on the passage, Mr. Attwater says: "Chrysostom's wide-spirited attitude to humankind and his respect for each individual man and woman as a *person* makes (Newman's) estimate of peculiar interest and value in our time."

There are interesting dissimilarities with 1939. Though born of a devout Catholic mother, John was not baptized till he was about twenty-five years old. Five years later he became a monk. A year thence he was ordained a deacon and after five more years a priest. Then began his preaching whose greatness was to be commemorated by the surname Golden-mouthed. As Chrysostom "he is now universally known, even in the Roman liturgy, wherein surnames are not normally used," says the author, a distinguished specialist in the matter.

Mr. Attwater has given us a scholarly and most readable life of the Saint.

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL

THEY WANTED TO LIVE. By Cecil Roberts. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50

THE author of the popular *Victoria 4:30* herein presents a rather overdrawn picture of the reactions of a London railway porter to the realized dreams of himself and his socially ambitious young wife to a gad-about life on the fashionable Continent, made possible when good fortune tossed into his lap the winnings of a football pool. Through the rambling, loose-jointed narrative runs a moral: live in your own sphere and find happiness there, or, some people cannot withstand prosperity. There are some prophecies of political development in the European scene, some of which have actually been reported in the daily press. Mr. Roberts is right at home in his Continental Europe. Hitler would not like the story.

ROBERT E. HOLLAND

THE MENACING SUN. By Mona Gardner. Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$2.50

THIS unusual travel book, written by an experienced newspaper correspondent in the Orient, bears particular importance at the present time. The theme of *The Menacing Sun*—that Japan will soon swoop down upon southern Asia—is convincingly substantiated throughout. After twelve years of newspaper work in Japan and China, the author early in 1938 did a series of interviews with government officials south of China. The result is this, her first book. It gives a clear insight into economic, political and social conditions in French-colonized Indo-China, progressive Siam, English-fortified Malaya, Dutch-ruled Java and Gandhi's India. It has thirty-one illustrations; also a map on the inside cover.

Remarking that French colonization in Indo-China is of a lax quality, the author raises the question "whether all humans are worth saving." She apparently does not know and has never answered the question for herself. However, she has been most happy in the choice of incidents, touched off as they are by her easy and rapid style. It is a pleasure to read this informative travel book.

ANTHONY J. EIARDI

ART

A THING that has puzzled me for some time is the question of the relation between photography and art. The dog days of August seem a propitious time to write on general matters, and so I am going to suggest a line of thought on this question which, I hope, may bring forth some comments.

The whole thing boils down to a definition of art. Since there is none which is universally accepted, the best we can do is to follow what seems to me the broadest ever proposed—that art is making things in a way suited to their ends. Under this very broad definition, is a photograph a work of art? The answer to that must depend on the end to which the photograph is intended. A news photograph is art in so far as it succeeds in telling the news; a propaganda photograph is art in so far as it constitutes effective propaganda; a portrait photograph is art in so far as it constitutes a record of what a man looks like. Photography, in other words, is a strictly mechanical process. It cannot express in any direct way the faith or aspiration of the photographer. Its end must be strictly utilitarian.

This is not, in any way, to minimize the element of skill which goes into making a photograph. For one thing, the mere body of experience and knowledge of the effects of light necessary for fine photography is enough to make it a difficult job to be a good photographer. Occasionally a person who has never taken a picture in his life will, through luck, obtain a result as fine as that of the most skilled professional. The only trouble is that he probably will not be able to repeat the process. And therein lies a hint of a distinction which it seems to me must be included in any systematic consideration of esthetics: the distinction between what might be called *mechanical arts* and *human arts*. Photography is in the first category; painting or sculpture in the second.

What is a mechanical art? It would seem to be one in which the result will be uniformly good if the artist makes full use of a set of definite rules, rules which can be stated absolutely. These rules may be so complex that a high order of alertness and intelligence is needed for their application, and in certain types of work success is contingent, as in automobile driving, upon a high degree of training. But the basic fact remains that it is all a matter of applying technical knowledge.

The human arts are different. Beginner's luck cannot, in the premises, yield a good result. For here the artist not only has a great body of technical matters to deal with (he *must* know his *craft*), he also directly, through his own mind and hand, controls every detail of the finished product, and can use the product to reflect his own God-given personality. Thus, human arts are mechanical arts with something added to them.

The practical application of all this theorizing is immediate and is borne out by what has happened in the practice of photography in recent years. The nineties and early nineteen-hundreds saw the appearance of the "art" photograph, an attempt to make photographs look as much like paintings as human ingenuity could make them. We still see such work—Steichen aping Rembrandt, Nutting aping Corot. By a cunning use of humanity's known sentiments regarding paintings, these gentlemen have tried, and with success, to make nature look like art and thus persuade the public that their work is art. Since the end of any photograph must be that of making a record, and since nature is not art, they, of all practitioners, have produced *unartistic* photography. The "art" photograph (vide *Life*, even the rotogravures, and such papers as *Look*) is on the way out; perhaps the above analysis will suggest why, and suggest further fruitful reflections on the "silver" art.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE

THEATRE

PLAYS THAT FAILED. In going over the record of a theatrical season it is as interesting to consider failures as to meditate on successes. Every season we have certain offerings which fail with breathtaking suddenness. They die in a night or two, and every spectator knows why. We had an impressive list of such experiments this year, and to several, alas, fine players were attached as stars.

The most conspicuous were *The Mother*, which not even the great Nazimova could save; Wilder's unfortunate *Merchant of Yonkers*, which Jane Cowl made a gallant effort to put over; *Ringside Seat*, for which Grant Mitchell put up a brave fight; *Day in the Sun*, a so-called comedy that briefly brought Taylor Holmes back to the footlights; and *Lorelei*. Even Philip Merivale could not carry *Lorelei*, and in it Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as co-producer, demonstrated anew that a superb actor can be a very bad judge of plays. Also, Wilder's *Merchant of Yonkers* was the theatre's best proof that serious-minded authors should wrestle with and conquer for all time what they fondly imagine is their sense of humor. All these plays were promptly off the record, and after dropping a tear for the actors who did such good work in them we can forget them.

There were others even easier to dismiss from the mind. We need not give a second thought to *You Never Know*, *Run Sheep Run*, *Where Do We Go From Here*, (the answer to that was given in twenty-four hours!), *Gloriana*, *Glorious Morning*, *Michael Drops In*, and various other weaklings. One cannot be quite so philosophic about the next failures which come to mind. Many of them had beautiful and haunting moments that still linger with us, and one cannot quite get over the feeling that with a little more vision and revision some of them could have been saved. Of these, perhaps the leading example was *My Heart's in the Highlands*. It had several scenes that made reviewers cry out in ecstasy. But the public would not have it very long—and no one wonders at this who recalls some of the dragging moments and halting direction of the play. However, it did one thing for its author, William Saroyan. It put him on the list of newcomers to whom we are looking for worthwhile work in the future.

Personally I found it hard to understand why *The Fabulous Invalid* did not linger with us longer. I enjoyed it and thought it highly original. The failure of *Jeremiah*, the Theatre Guild's ambitious offering, was easy to understand. It was pretty nearly unrelieved gloom, and the American public does not like that. Neither does it like false philosophy, such as that in Marc Connelly's *Everywhere I Roam*. The argument in this was that we are wrecked by progress and invention. The intelligent public knows better. The Federal Theatre's *Life and Death of An American* held equally false philosophy. It showed us an extreme example of a likable young American under fate's harrow. He was a victim of some of life's nastiest blows, but he was not typical. Therefore the presentation was not fair, and the public knew that, too.

Moss and Kaufman avoided this blunder in *The American Way*. They gave their hero a long, happy, useful life before they killed him off. They did not harry him at every turn and deprive him of all that makes existence worth while. So *The American Way* goes on, and *The Life and Death of An American* is forgotten, though both plays had similar themes and equally depressing conclusions.

The most dismal failure of all, *The Flashing Stream*, was written by Charles Morgan—none other than the dramatic critic of the *London Times*! Did players weep? Not they! Their chuckles crossed the Atlantic.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

WHEN TOMORROW COMES. There is a quiet earnestness about this film which would be vastly more compelling were it not expended on a bookish plot which little resembles a passage from real life. There are too many dramatic touches in it for its own good, although the production, in its technical aspect, strives for and achieves a remarkably untheatrical effect. John Stahl's direction is restrained and pitched to the slow tempo of reality, and the acting is uncommonly free from excess or mannerism. The romance of a waitress and a pianist reaches the revelation stage when they are trapped together by a Long Island hurricane and he is discovered to be a concert genius. But rescue also brings the knowledge that he is married to a woman whose mental stability depends on the pianist's love. They part, contenting themselves with a reunion in the tomorrow which death will someday make. The flaw in James Cain's story is the patness with which such abundant tragic material falls into place. It is too good a yarn to be true, but the inner conviction with which Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne invest their rôles is difficult to resist. Barbara O'Neill and Onslow Stevens add good performances to the sum of technical excellence. The film's virtuosity will repay those adults who are not captivated by the love story. (Universal)

THE WIZARD OF OZ. It may be the Chestertonian function of such fantasies as this to remind us that the sort of child who does not believe in fairies usually grows up to be the sort of person who disbelieves in angels. It will be difficult to find either child or grownup, however, who will not take this screening of L. Frank Baum's hardy fairy tale as a pleasant excursion from prosaic reality. It manages beautifully to re-create the incidents of the book with trick and technicolor and has done little violence to the story of Dorothy, who is whisked from a Kansas farm to incredible Oz by the whim of a cyclone. Her adventures in company with the Straw Man, the Tin Woodman and the Cowardly Lion on their way to petition the great wizard for what they wish most are zestfully reproduced. Director Victor Fleming has visualized the antics in such ways as to vivify rather than distort fond recollections and Judy Garland adds tuneful music to Dorothy's original charms. Frank Morgan, Bert Lahr, Ray Bolger, Jack Haley, Billie Burke and Margaret Hamilton are excellent in their diverse rôles. To say that this film will please all Oz readers may be overstating the case, but it leaves room only for carping by its *imaginative production and infectious good humor.* (MGM)

THE CHICKEN WAGON FAMILY. This is an adaptation which is successful enough in its own way but lacks the sentimental fulness of Barry Benefield's original. There is a shade too much attention paid to Jane Withers' position as star and the impression grows that the story, all unnecessarily, has been thrown out of focus for the sake of what is known to the trade as "marquee interest." However, there is enough eccentric humor left in these New York adventures of a hinterland family to amuse the family circle. Herbert Leeds directed and Leo Carillo, Marjorie Weaver and Spring Byington are capable in very human characterization. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

THESE GLAMOR GIRLS. The significance of this title is fleeting when the story gets down to contrasting the innate charm of a taxi dancer with the cultivated cat-tiness of assorted debutantes at a fraternity house party. A suicide and a slightly animalistic concept of romance darken the air and this emerges as *indifferent film fare for adults.* (MGM)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

EVENTS

HEADLINES about aggression in Europe appeared to incite aggressors in the United States. . . . Mosquitoes raided a Texas zoo, savagely bit pythons and boa constrictors. . . . In California a fox bit a policeman. The policeman recovered, the fox died. . . . Two bandits held up and robbed an autoist in the Midwest, told him they would have to slug him if he did not have rope with which to tie him up. After he came to, the autoist informed police he would always carry rope in his car in the future. . . . Circulation of money seemed freer. . . . An Ohio man left \$1,000 in a pocket of his suit. The money circulated with the suit as the latter went to the tailor and then to the dry cleaner. . . . Long courtships were reported. . . . In Mexico City, a 116-year-old man married a sixty-five-year-old woman. He first met her when he was only eighty-five, wooed her until she finally promised to go down the years of life together with him. . . . In contrast with this successful romance, a ninety-five-year-old Florida husband secured a divorce and announced: "I will not marry again even if I live to be a hundred." . . . Determined to stop motorcycle policemen from colliding with each other and wrecking each other's motorcycles, Akron, Ohio, authorities demoted two colliding cops to pavement-pounding duty. . . . Science encountered discouragement. . . . A Massachusetts citizen invented a new life-belt. When he tried it out in the Charles River, the life-belt and all of the inventor except his feet sank beneath the waves. Rescuers saved the inventor and his new invention. . . . Kindness to animals was exhibited. . . . In New England a farmer sat up at night with a sick horse even though his wife was in a hospital with nobody visiting her. Feeling the horse came first in his life, she sued.

Occurrences that may effect marked changes in everyday life emerged. . . . On the Hudson, the same river where the first steamboat sputtered many years ago, the first home-made submarine cruised last week. Should large numbers of American families take to the idea of home-made submarines for undersea week-end outings or vacations, a serious decrease in the trailer business might ensue, trailer specialists believed. . . . To prove that hop toads possess homing instincts similar to those of homing pigeons, a Harvard professor brought a toad named Teddy to California, then started him in the direction of Massachusetts. If Teddy hops back to Harvard, a large industry based on homing hop toads may well begin, revolutionizing the homing trade. . . . In Pittsburgh, a burglar, interrupted while robbing a large department store, posed as a dummy in a display window while police searched the store. Later the burglar, who was no dummy, escaped. If the technique of posing as dummies in store windows is perfected on a wide scale by burglars, police authorities felt that crime might be made to pay. . . . In Germany, Nazi leaders urged students wishing to show their displeasure in theatres or other public gatherings to cry: "Pfui!" Should the Nazi movement gain influence in the United States, the traditional, democratic, American form of manifesting displeasure by throwing eggs and vegetables in the direction of actors or speakers would be imperiled, usually well-informed circles declared. . . . Research in Massachusetts reveals that eating carrots is a tremendous aid to night driving. Autoists at night are urged to munch carrots as they hurry along the dark highways. Since many accidents occur at night and since a large majority of drivers are averse to accidents, it appears probable that night drivers will expect filling stations to add carrots to their products for sale. Autoists of the near future will be saying: "Fill her up with gas, oil and carrots." There may be Texaco, Socony, Shell, other brands of carrots.

THE PARADER